

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN & J. R. CORNELIUS.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1858.

ESTABLISHED IN 1843...WHOLE NO. 742.

AT \$1.50 PER YEAR, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

MY FATHER.

BY HON. HENRY R. JACKSON, OF GEORGIA.

As die the embers on the hearth,
And o'er the floor the shadows fall,
And creep the chilling crickets forth,
And tickle the death watch on the wall—
I see a form on yonder chair,
That grows beneath the waning light—
There are the wan, sad features—there
The pallid brow, and locks of white!
My father! when they laid thee down,
And heaped the clay upon thy breast,
And left thee sleeping all alone,
Upon thy narrow couch of rest,
I know not why I could not weep—
The agonizing drops refused to fall;
And oh! that grief is wild and deep,
Which settles fearless on the soul!

But when I saw thy vacant chair—
Thine idle hat upon the wall—
Thy back—the penciled passage, where
Thy eyes had rested, last of all;
The trees beneath whose friendly shade
Thy trembling feet had wandered forth—
The very prints these feet had made,
When last they feebly trod the earth—
And thought, while countless ages fled,
Thy vacant seat would vacant stand,
Unborn thy hat, thy book and pen,
Ere thy foot-prints from the sand,
And widowed, in this cheerless world,
The heart that gave its love to thee—
Torn, like a vine, whose tendrils curled
More closely round the falling tree!

Oh! father, then for her and thee,
Gashed madly forth the scorching tears,
And oft, and long, and bitterly,
Those tears have gushed in later years;
For, as the world grows cold around,
And things take on their real hue,
'Tis sad to learn that love is found
Alone above the stars with you.

THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, JUNE 28, 1858.

"Protection."

A meeting was recently held in Philadelphia, by those interested to revive the old exploded system of "protection"—a means of supporting the government by a tax upon the working classes, which at the same time pays a bounty to capital—and a number of politicians rehearsed the old speeches on that subject with as much apparent interest as though they were uttering something new. "Hard times" always occasion schemes of desperate speculation and public robbery. But a scheme that can be backed up with so much money is always dangerous. If the half-starved population of Massachusetts can not live upon spinning cotton and abolition homilies, let them emigrate to the West, or to Ireland, and go to work and raise grain, or potatoes. That is the true remedy for "hard times," and the best "protection" that can be afforded.

The above is from the *Clinton Democrat* of the 25th June—a paper owned by Mr. Dieffenbach, Dep. Sec. of the Commonwealth, and edited by Mr. Orth, recently appointed Notary Public at Lock Haven by Gov. Packer. They indicate no relaxing of the policy which has enriched the manufacturers and capitalists of the Old World, and given employment there for laborers, while it has robbed thousands of our manufacturers and capitalists and driven tens of thousands of our laborers out of employment. What shall the end of this controversy be?

GREAT DEPRECIATION IN MANUFACTURING PROPERTY.—

The Providence Journal says that the print works of Philip Allen & Sons were sold at auction last week for \$124,800. The estate was first offered in two lots, the largest at a minimum of \$75,000, on which there was no bid. The whole was then put up together at \$110,000, and was bid off at \$124,800 to the Woonsocket Company. The principal competitor in the bidding was the house of A. & W. Sprague. The whole first cost of the works was probably not less than \$750,000. (Philip Allen is the last Locofoco U. S. Senator from New England.)

A GROWL!—Of the old line Whigs in Philadelphia &c. who turned the scale in favor of Buchanan, there only have been rewarded for their treachery, viz "Lehigh-must-do-better" Reed, Slave catcher Loring, and Roman Catholic Chandler. And now the Lock Haven Democrat utters a loud roar, and says these jackals who followed that party for the spoils have had enough—Old Bucky must not throw 'em another bone! "Shall children's meat be given to dogs?" [Right! starve 'em]

MAN KILLED BY A WOMAN.—On the 15th inst., Hugh Wilson broke into the dwelling of a man named Branham, who was lying on a sick bed, in Weston, Mo., and commenced choking and beating him. His wife, Mary Branham, seized a club and attacked Wilson, beating him so dreadfully about the head that he died in a few minutes. She was examined before several justices, who discharged her from custody on the ground of "justifiable homicide."

A GRATEFUL TRIBUTE.—Mr. Wm. Evans, now a resident of Boston, Mass., has recently made a donation to the town of Smithfield, in that State, of \$10,000, as a grateful tribute for the support of himself and parents by said town, during his infancy and childhood. His parents, with himself and other children, were paupers in said town and were for many years supported by it.

The Democrats of M'Kean county, opposed to the Leocompton swindle, have called a meeting to elect delegates to the State Convention which is to assemble at Harrisburg on the 14th of July.

A Defence.

WORTHY EDITORS—As your valuable paper has a large circulation and influence, permit me through its columns to respond to a criticism upon Union Seminary by the editor of the *Schlesinger Journal & Times*.

We happened to have extended to us a very cordial invitation to attend the exercises of the late commencement. It was accepted, and we left the ground well pleased. But our critic noticed a "feature" or two that he could not digest. In the first place, there was not enough of diversification; there was a lacking of variety, in the performances. We would ask, could there have been more? A wider range of thought and contemplation could hardly be given in the same space and time, as a reference to the topics treated, copied in last week's *Chronicle*, will fully demonstrate.

The *Journal* says the "sameness" of the whole affair was a noticeable and censurable feature. It seemed a little curious to our friend that the addresses were throughout "taunted by the same peculiarities." Ah, indeed! Well, we hold a different opinion, and so, we think, do all sound-reasoning minds. We think this "sameness" indicates a good condition of affairs. It shows that the Institution has made and left its mark upon the minds of those who have attended it as students. Is it unnatural that those who sip from the same fountain should partake of the same crystal waters? Even as great and famous men have left their impressions on an age and the people who lived contemporaneous with them, so the Union has stamped her seal upon the minds of the noble youth and maidens who belong to, or at any time attended the Institution.

As regards what the *Journal* styles the "Yankee Doodle" nature of all the essays and addresses—their religious character—we forbear to say much, as our remarks might conflict with the well known proclivities of the critic. Nevertheless, we must say it is a gladdening sight to behold so good a Christian spirit manifested by the rising generation. It speaks well for education, for good moral training, and for the continuance of republicanism and republican institutions.

The *Journal* seems to be dissatisfied with the references to Bonaparte, Lord Byron, Voltaire, and many others. But why should the Editor manifest his entire disapprobation of such action? Why should he vent his sarcasm at an educational institution, because young men thereof, who have therein studied history and historical characters, in the course of a few honest, commonplace remarks, should happen to hold up, not "to public execration," but to public scrutiny, the heroes of earlier days than our own? If the youth of our country deduce not their ideas of government, both social and political, from the facts of by-gone days, whence shall they be derived? and if these facts are referred to, is it not natural that the character of the principal actors should be taken into consideration, so as rightfully to draw conclusions? Nothing more natural. This, again, shows the valuable services rendered by this noble institution. It shows that the young are there taught to build their principles on the teachings of mother experience, and experience is always the best instructor. This is happy knowledge. It is gladdening, soul-cheering, to know that the vicious are held up to public observation, as well as the good, great, and virtuous. It comports with the natural inclinations of man, which, expressed in a few words, prompt to "Hear all sides, then decide." We feel proud and glad that it is so. May it ever remain a law.

A few words more. There were certain individuals present at the late commencement, who, it seemed, were unaware that political braggadocio was "out of order," and inappropriate, to say the least. We hope this will be borne in mind in future. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Union Seminary stands on a firm footing. We hope it may continue to flourish and spread its salutary influence on the minds of the youth of our country.

A FRIEND OF EDUCATION.
June 26, 1858.

Union in a Slave State.

A great Mass Meeting was held at Dover, Delaware, June 10th, to organize a party to oppose the present Administration. Not only each county but each Hundred (answering to our townships) was represented. The party was named "The People's Party," and the principles adopted for its platform are, that the citizens of the Territories be allowed to settle their own institutions and their own forms of government—that the Constitution of every new State be submitted to the people for ratification or rejection before being accepted by Congress—that a tariff for revenue be laid with incidental protection to home industry—that when the revenue of the government exceeds the expenditures, such excess as may be derived from the sale of the public lands, shall be divided among the States—and the importation of foreign criminals and paupers be prohibited. Many Democrats joined the party.

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

Fair Pennsylvania! than thy midland vale,
Lying 'twixt hills of green, and bound afar
By yellow mountains rolling in the blue,
No lovelier landscape meets the traveler's eye.
Three labor reaps and sow his sure reward,
And Peace and Plenty walk amid the glow
And perfume of old gardens. I have seen,
In lands less free, but far more proud,
His dull waves madding on Hungarian shores;
Nor rapid by, hisopague waters pouring
Athwart the fairest, fruitful, and most
Enlaid of European lands; nor Seine,
Winding uncertain through inconstant France;
Nor half so fair as thy broad stream, whose bosom
Is gemmed with many an isle; and whose proud name
Shall yet become among the names of rivers
A synonyme of beauty.—SUSQUEHANNA.

A New Summer Trip.

Lewisburg...Northumberland...Dr. Priestly.
The completion of the connection of the Harrisburg and Baltimore Railroad with Sunbury, and thus with the Sunbury & Erie road, is an event of no small importance to the commercial interests of the country, opening up as it does to our State a new route of railroad travel from Harrisburg to Western New York, and indeed to the whole of the West, as far as Iowa.

But it is not so much in its commercial relations, that we design now to speak of it, as in regard to the facilities it affords for a new route of recreative summer travel of the very highest interest to the tourist, the poet, or the philosopher; for it will carry him through scenery of the most romantic and varied kind; all along the beautiful banks of the Susquehanna, where Coleridge and his fellow poets dreamed of establishing themselves, though they never accomplished it.

It would be a new and most delightful summer trip to most of our readers, that to Northumberland, and the grave of the philosopher—to Lewisburg, with its handsome University building, designed by T. U. Walker, and with but few rivals as a University building in the United States. Thence the traveler might pursue his way by Williamsport and Elmira to Niagara, or anywhere he pleased.

Northumberland itself is a study. Situated on the railroad within two miles of Sunbury, and within about as many hours of Harrisburg in the cars, it lies at the confluence of the two branches of the Susquehanna. The town itself is old and small, not growing as it ought, considering the canals that meet here, and the railroad, and the bank, and the almost unequalled beauty of the surrounding scenery. The last is its chief attraction, and, no doubt, helped to induce Dr. Priestly to select it. Here he built a residence, a large frame mansion that still remains at the end of between sixty and seventy years, a sounder and better structure, for durability and finish, than almost any house in the whole State built at that time. There is not a crack in the plaster, not a stone in the foundation has settled, not a board in the floor or on the whole establishment seems to have shrunk the eighth of an inch. A new coat of paint, &c., is all it wants. The hand of the practical philosopher is seen in every plank. Here is shown the room then his library, in which the great man laid his hand on his mouth that he might escape from life unperceived, and there quietly breathed his last. Here the laboratory of that prince of modern chemists, though, alas! since desecrated as a granary. The profanation seemed greater than the turning of Napoleon's drawing room into a stable at St. Helena. The laboratory chimney in the corner alone remains to mark the care with which he constructed and fitted it up—that room for those experiments that were the wonder of the age and of the world. Here are the trees he planted, and his taste was good. He introduced all the finest fruit trees from England, and not a few of the best surrounding orchards were stocked with his fruit. In the cemetery are the tombstones of his youngest son, in 1795, of his wife, in 1796, and of himself, in 1804, all with beautiful texts of scripture, evincing his fine, calm faith in immortality and the resurrection. From the top of his house, on which he had constructed a balcony, is one of the very finest views up the North West Branch of the Susquehanna that the eye of man ever rested upon. It should not be forgotten that this man had his house burned and his life perilled, for his attachment to the cause of republican liberty. He was an exile from his own country, to its disgrace, on this account. And he became a citizen of the United States and of Pennsylvania, simply and purely from the admiration of the principles of its government and an affinity to such men as Franklin and as Jefferson. It would be difficult for those of our readers who are in the habit of taking a summer ramble, about the 4th or July, to occupy their time more pleasantly and profitably, than in such inquiries and meditations as a "4th" spent in quietly rambling in the little village and deserted house—for it is now, we believe, for sale—of this departed philosopher and sage of Revolutionary times.—*Philad. Ledger*.

Touching Incident.

AN EARLY VENTURE IN WHEAT FLOUR.
[The following extract, taken from an account written by the REV. JAMES MILLER, and quoted by the author of "Old Redstone," will give the reader some idea of the pecuniary embarrassments of early ministers and of the general state of the country, and also of the remarkable interposition of Divine Providence for the relief of one of those ministers.]

"Our story," says Mr. Miller, "will carry the reader back to the period when all north of the Ohio river was almost an unbroken wilderness—the mysterious red man's home. On the other side, a bold hardy band from beyond the mountains had built their log cabins, and were trying to subdue the wilderness. To them every hour was full of peril. The Indians would often cross the river, steal their children and horses, kill, and scalp any victim that came in their way. They worked in the field with weapons at their side, and on Sabbath met in a grove or rude log church to hear the word of God, with their rifles in their hands. To preach to these settlers, Mr. Joseph Smith, a Presbyterian minister, had left his paternal home, east of the mountains. He, it was said, was the second minister who had crossed the Monongahela. He settled in Washington county, Pennsylvania, and became the pastor of Cross Creek and Upper Buffalo congregations, dividing his time between them. He found them a willing and united people, but still unable to pay him a salary which would support his family. He, in common with all the early ministers, must cultivate a farm. He purchased one on credit, promising to pay for it with the salary pledged to him by his people. Years passed away. The pastor was unpaid. Little or no money was in circulation. Wheat was abundant, but there was no market. It could not be sold for more than twelve and a half cents, in cash. Even their salt, which had to be brought across the mountains on pack-horses, was worth eight dollars per bushel, and twenty-one bushels of wheat had often to be given for one of salt. The time came when the payment must be made, and Mr. Smith was told he must pay or leave his farm. Three years' salary was now due from his people. For the want of this, his land, his improvements upon it, and his hopes of remaining among a beloved people, must be abandoned. The people were called to gether, and the case laid before them, and they were greatly moved; counsel from on high was sought; plan after plan was proposed and abandoned; the congregation were unable to pay a tithe of their debts, and no money could be borrowed. In despair, they adjourned to meet the following week. In the meantime, it was ascertained that a Mr. Moore, who owned the only mill in the county, would grind for them wheat on reasonable terms. At the next meeting, it was resolved to carry their spare wheat to Mr. Moore's mill; some gave fifty bushels, some more. This was carried from fifteen to twenty miles on horses to mill. In a month, word came that the flour was ready to go to market. Again the people were called together. After an earnest prayer the question was asked, "Who will run the flour to New Orleans?" This was a startling question. The work was perilous in the extreme; months must pass before the adventurer could hope to return, even though his journey should be fortunate; nearly all the way was a wilderness, and gloomy tales were told of the treacherous Indians. More than one boat's crew had gone on that journey and had come back no more. "Who, then, could endure the toil, and brave the danger?" None volunteered; the young shrunk back, and the middle aged had their excuse. At length a hoary headed man, an elder in the church, sixty-four years of age, rose, and to the astonishment of the assembly, said, "Here I am; send me." The deepest feeling at once pervaded the whole assembly. To see their venerated elder thus devote himself for their good, melted them to tears. They gathered around father Smiley to learn that his resolution was taken; that, rather than lose their pastor, he would brave danger, toil, and even death. After some delay and trouble, two young men were induced, by hope of a large reward, to go as his assistants. A day was appointed for starting. The young and old, from far and near, from love to father Smiley, and deep interest in the object of his mission, gathered together, and with their pastor at their head came down from the church, fifteen miles away, to the bank of the river to bid the old man farewell. Then a prayer was offered up by their pastor, and a parting hymn was sung. Then said the old Scotchman, "Untie the cable, and let us see what the Lord will do for us." This was done, and the boat floated slowly away. More than nine months passed, and no word came back from father Smiley. Many a prayer had been breathed for him, but what was his fate was unknown. Another Sabbath came; the people came together for worship, and there, on his rude bench, before the preacher, composed and devout, sat father Smiley. After service, the people were requested to meet early

"No Time to Read."

How often is this exclamation heard from the lips of those engaged in business and manual labor. No time to read, no time to think, no time to meditate, no time to study, no time to improve the mind—in fine, no time for self-culture! Van all find leisure to do or indulge in what you most desire—what you really hunger and thirst for. Your experience will bear testimony to the truth of this. And yet, notwithstanding these facts, you continue to assert, "I have no time to read," adding, perchance, "neither have I any money to invest in papers and books, provided I had time." Yet that same objector spends money daily for things, to pamper the appetite, that serve to enfeeble the body and enervate the mind; things that should therefore be entirely eschewed. Time and money are both also wasted in fashionable extravagance in dress. Not one word is uttered against all necessary attention to dress, for this is important. But, in the words of an Apostle, "let women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with broidered hair, or gold, pearls, or costly array; but with good works." "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward plaiting of the hair, wearing of gold, or putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, that which is not corruptible—the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is of great price." For after this manner, in olden time, women adorned themselves.

Would that the same degree of anxiety and good taste were displayed, in adorning the mind, and keeping pure the heart, that is manifested in the adorning of the body! Then would there be more social happiness, greater personal pleasure, than falls to the lot of such as waste their substance, misspend their time, and fritter away the choicest affections of the heart. No longer say "I have no time to read," but resolve that you will devote a portion of each day's leisure to reading and meditating, and ere long you will see the advantage; for "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

COOLING ROOMS IN SUMMER.—

The *Scientific American* tells, in the following paragraph, how a room may be cooled in warm weather: One of the most simple methods, and at the same time cheapest means of artificially lowering the temperature of a room, is to wet a cloth of any size, the larger the better, and suspend it in the place you want cooled; let the room be well ventilated, and the temperature will sink from ten to twenty degrees in less than half an hour.

There is an organized gang of swindling land brokers in Northern Iowa and Southern Minnesota, who are bound together by secret oaths and pass-words. They rob the emigrants by selling them counterfeit titles to lands. In Iowa there are already sales of land to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, under these fictitious titles.

A movement has been made in Mississippi to request the resignation of Governor M'Willie. The people of the State are very indignant at the last exercise of Executive clemency, which has turned loose a notorious assassin named Dyson.

MILWAUKEE, June 16.—A II. four-story brick building, occupied by J. H. Cardes, grocery dealer, fell to the ground at three o'clock this afternoon, killing Charles Ewe and horribly mauling three other men, who, it is feared, will also die.

NEW ORLEANS, June 15.—The overflows of the cotton lands, which have been in progress for some time past, are now regarded as very serious, and the market here in consequence is more active, with an upward tendency in prices.

The remains of Ex-President Monroe are to be removed from their burial place, in New York city, to Richmond, Virginia, for re-interment.

The New Republic of Virginia.

[One of the cleverest pieces of satire that we have lately met with, is the following from the *Richmond Whig*. It is scarcely a burlesque of the extravagant articles that sometimes appear in the *Richmond South*, at which it is evidently aimed.]

Manifest Destiny of the World—its Republic and its Empire.

In due time, our planet will be under the control of two Governments. The entire continent of America, with the West India Islands, Polynesia, Australia, and Western Europe, will constitute its Republic. The rest of the world, leaving out Interior Africa, will be under the dominion of one man, and that man a Russian.

The frivolous distinction of North and South, which now obtains in the United States, having been obliterated, the grand New Republic will bear the beautiful and appropriate name of Virginia. The South, as we now understand it, is the direct and legitimate offspring of the Old Dominion, where the true theory of the Republican Government, with the art of its practical manipulation, is still resident; and, as the South must inevitably give character and tone to the New Republic, the propriety of naming it with the name of its noble old mother will not be disputed. Slavery will be the recognized and benign condition of all servitude under each of these Governments. The reconciliation of labor with capital being complete, pauperism will disappear from the earth, and with it all chance of civil danger resulting from the state of smothered volcanic disaffection such as we now see and deplore in Western Europe.

Southern gentlemen will be the masters in the New Republic; all the inferior races, such as the Negro, the Yankee, and the various Incapables of Europe being subject to them.

The value of a Yankee as a slave has not been properly estimated. How dangerous and troublesome he is in a state of freedom is too well known. Cowardly, thievish, superstitious, fanatical, destitute of a moral sense, or of any fixed idea of civil polity, he possesses all the worse and none of the better traits of the Negro, and stands more in need of a master. His ingenuity has made him what he will for ever remain—the mechanic and craftsman of the World. Under proper command, he makes a good sailor. Nor is he unfit for higher slavish duties; his active and unscrupulous intellect finds very suitable occupation in the vulgar labors of the lawyer and editor. Also, in the more disgraceful pursuits of the itinerant lecturer. But for his inability to discern between right and wrong, and his tendency to atheism, he might be put to use as a preacher. Whip him soundly for every political sermon, he would improve beyond what we think possible; but he will always be too hypocritical to be trusted. Too cruel and too morbidly energetic to be allowed authority over flesh and blood, he will never be of service as an overseer, except over the tireless iron slaves to whom he is accustomed. In superintending machinery of his own invention, he will always find enough to do.

The so-called nations of Western Europe have proved themselves, if possible, even more incapable of self-government than the slave races above mentioned, and therefore still more in need of masters. High erratic sensibilities have made the Frenchman master of all the arts by which the sexes are rendered mutually alluring, and polite society possible. He is the man milliner of the World. Also, his cook and teacher of dancing. His love and show of display, which, with native politeness, he calls glory, enables him to be useful in the decorative arts—necessary upon occasion of public pageants. His fondness for petty details makes him a good statistician, while his pluck and aptitude for mathematics makes him serviceable for the subordinate duties of fighting and fortification. In the New Republic, he will rank the Yankee in the scale of slavery, and keep him in subjection. It is a mistake to suppose the Frenchman unfit for slavery. All nations incapable of self-government are fit for nothing else. The Spaniards are lazy, but it will not do to exterminate them. The Spaniard's skill in the arts of assassination and cigar-making, can be turned to good account. Let him retain the latter art, but divert the former into the channel of the butchery of domestic animals. The Spanish slave will make a better butcher than the British slave. He will also be of use to the young gentlemen of the New Republic in serenading their sweethearts. This last duty will be shared by Italian slaves.

With our Italians, we need anticipate no trouble. Popery being cast into the sea, they, with the Spaniards will become at once manageable. It will be necessary to use fumigants and disinfectants freely to rid them of vermin and the stench of garlic, but after that, they will be very available as opera singers, fresco painters, and for the mechanical labor of sculpture. Thus they will add much to the enjoyment of Virginia.

Among the bills of an interesting character which failed at the last session by not being reached in the order of business was the bill in the House of Representatives for the admission of Oregon as a State and the Bill to create the Territory of Nevada.

The California papers state that there is good news from all parts of the State in relation to the prospects of the coming harvest, and every assurance of one of the greatest crops ever yet harvested in that State.

The *Brownsville Clipper* says that a large *Wolfe*, of the Licking county species, seized and carried off a beautiful young lady from that place, who has not been heard of since.

Vanamberg & Co., advertise their menagerie in Ohio as the "only moral and instructive exhibition in America!"

Because Germany claims to have invented gunpowder, clocks and printing, and because its students, while they remain at their Universities, are violent red-republicans, it must not be inferred that Germans are unsuitable slaves. In the best sense of the term, they are beasts of burden—heavy, plodding, docile, capable of an immense deal of slow labor. In the new Republic of Virginia, they will be of eminent service as farm hands, sharing this duty with the coarser grades of Yankees, and as brewers of beer, teachers, instrumental musicians, and for performing the draught-horse work of arranging and systemizing historical and scientific facts which the French statisticians have accumulated. A small portion of the Polish people, will become Virginians and masters. The remainder will be slaves. As butchers, brewers and butlers the British will be invaluable slaves; some of them will make nearly as good machines as Yankees. The lower grades of Poles will assist the French in fighting; the Prussians and Austrians will also be available for this purpose.

Returning to the Continent of America, the problem of the Indians, together with the mixed races of Mexico, Central and Southern America, will have to be encountered. It is of easy solution. All these are unteachable races, and must give place to the pure African and such other of the European and Yankee slaves as are adapted to the climatic conditions of the various latitudes and terrestrial elevations. Similar treatment will be applied to the islands of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The necessity of such treatment is too plain to admit of debate.

The Negro, having been our earliest slave and reared as it were under our own roof, will for ever retain a more intimate relation to us than any other slave. All our confidential, personal, and household servants will be negroes, having a few Yankees under each of them to perform the more menial tasks.

With regard to the Russian Empire, destined to absorb all the world not embraced within the limits of the Virginia Republic, we can not enlarge. It is apparent that the Turk, the Persian, the Tartar, the Hindoo, the Malay, the Chinese, and Japanese can subsist only under an Imperial Government. Their organization, their instincts, their whole history, prove this. The Russian is fitted to rule them with a sway at once more intelligent, more humane, and firmer than any they have ever enjoyed. Under him, they will continue to make toys and lacquer-ware; to raise tea, rice, and opium; to worship idols and commit suicide, with a felicity of unintermission of which they have long since ceased even to dream.

So much of Africa, as is habitable, will belong to the Empire. The interior, through all time, will remain the nursery of domesticated savages, whose natural strength and unpolluted blood will constitute a perpetual reservoir from which we shall derive living streams to refresh and invigorate the effete working classes.

Between the world's Republic and its Empire, there will, of course, be many and sometimes serious collisions, but none more serious or alarming than those disorders which not unfrequently occur in the healthy human system, arising from a want of balance between the digestive or vegetative and the vital or muscular systems.

The Virginian of that happy day, having his African valet, his British butler, his French cook, his Spanish butcher and cigar maker, his Italian singer, German teacher and German band, his Jewish steward and accountant, and under these a miscellaneous herd of Yankee machinists, Yankee editors and lawyers, and laborers of all nations performing their appointed tasks, will realize practical Republics which neither Plato nor Sir Thomas More, nor any ancient or modern social or political Theorist, ever conjectured. How all important it is, therefore, that we should at once re-open the slave trade, that each and every Virginian and Southerner should immediately commence to practice the acts of that mastership to which himself and his descendants seem divinely appointed!

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